Bloudie thou art, bloudie will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.
King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall bloud,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shalbe praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.
Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beautie,
Slander my selfe as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnskard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.
King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall bloud.
Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.
King. Her life is onlie safest in her birth.
Qu. And onelie in that safetie died her brothers.
King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.
Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrarie,
King. All vnauoided is the doome of destinie.
Qu. True, when auoided grace makes destinie,
My babes were destinde to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life. (armes
K. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd:
Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be discouerd that can do me good.
King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.
Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.
Kin. No to the dignitie and height of honor,
The height imperiall tipe of this earths glorie.
Qu. Flatter my sorrowes with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignitie, what honor?

Canst

Canst thou demise to any child
King. Euen all I haue, yea and
Will I withall endow a child of
So in the Lethe of thy angrie so
Thou drowne the sad remembr
Which thou supposest I haue d
Qu. Be breefe, least that the
Last longer telling then thy kin
K. Then know that from m
Qu. My daughters mother t
King. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou dost loue my
So from thy soules loue didst th
And from my hearts loue I do
King. Be not so hastie to con
I meane that with my soule I l
And meane to make her Quee
Qu. Say then, who dost thou
King. Euen he that makes he
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke
Qu. How canst thou woo
King. That would I learne o
As one that are best acquainte
Qu. And wilt thou learne o
Kin. Madam with all my he
Qu. Send to her by the ma
A paire of bleeding hearts the
Edward and Yorke, then happ
Therefore present to her as s
Did to thy father, a handkerch
And bid her drie her weepin
If this inducement force her
Send her a storie of thy noble
Tell her thou madest away h
Her Vnckle Riuers, yea and
Madest quicke conueiance w
King. Come, come, you m

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